28y

Getting home, wrote to Ruyters; good piano-practice. First and third ballades by Chopin, which I am beginning to play *as I wish to;* as I think they are meant to be played.

February

A letter from Jammes even more distant than his silence was and unfortunately more obviously inspired by the pleasure caused him by my praise of his latest poems than by a resurgence of friendship. This letter convinces me that there is more than a mere misunderstanding between us; that is to say, just as I feared, much literature, and offended literature.

27 *March*

Saw VieM-Griffin yesterday; charming cordiality. He accuses some writers or other of not knowing French and of writing, for instance, "fallow land" *(friche)* where they should have said ''plowed land" *(guéret);*—but he himself writes *"opprobe"* and *"frustre" (passim).*[3]

He forgives Regnier nothing; as if he suffered from still liking him, he cannot refrain from talking of him every time I go to see him or meet him.

Lunched with Barres (at Blanche's). Great anxiety about tie figure he cuts; he knows how to maintain silence in order to say nothing but important things. He has changed greatly since almost ten years ago when I last saw him; but he has kept his very active charm, though constantly holding back and knowing how to keep his reserve. What prudence! What economy! He is not a great intelligence, not a "great man," but *clever,* using everything in him until he achieves the appearance of genius. Especially using circumstances, and knowing how to take advantage of what he has, to the point of hiding what he lacks.

8 May

At the studio of R. B., a painter and engraver,

perhaps a Jew, certainly a Russian—who wants to do a portrait of me. This is a land of flattery that will always get me. This portrait (diypoint) is to figure in an album together with a very few others: Rodin, Bartholom4 both sculptors; two painters, Besnard and Renoir; two musicians, Debussy and Bruneau; two philosophers, Bergson and Poinearis, etc. … Finally Verhaeren, who introduced him to my *Porte etrotte* and has sent him to me.

It is in Montmartre, rue V. You ring at the third-floor apartment but

Instead of the correct forms *opprobre* and *fruste*.